Ile winne our ancient right in *France* againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King,
Glo. Short ſummers likely haue a forward ſpring.
Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*,
Prin. Richard of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother:
Yor. Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept this Title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſty,
Glo. How faires our couſen noble Lord of *Yorke*.
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vncle; O my Lord,
You ſaid that idle weeds are faſt in growth;
The Prince my brother hath ouer-growne me farre.
Glo. Hee hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger little couſen, withall my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue.
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my couſen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the Sword to it.
Glo. I gentle couſen were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord.
Yor. I would that I might thinke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yorke*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe that I am little like an Ape.
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me one your ſh
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſo
To mitigate the ſcorne he giues his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning and ſo young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo. wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe and my good couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord protecter will haue it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghoſt:
My granam told me, he was murdred there,
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord, with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dor. Manet Rich. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my L. this little prating *Yorke*,
Was not incenced by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perlous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers from the top to the toe.
Buc. Well let them reſt: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgd vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie matter
To make *William L. Haſtings* of our mind,
For the inſtalment of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate royall of this famous Ile?
Cat. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buc. What thinkeſt thou then of *Stanley*, what